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On the occasion of the opening I will dispose one or two bouquets of elegant flowers around the room or should I say that on the occaion of the opening I will elegantly dispose of one or two bouquets of flowers around the room. Yes. I am hardly wait. I know just how such occasions should be played and I think that I can play them very well. Right on the heels of the "301" photographic exhibition, we will mount a "holdings from the Carbondale Museum" exhibition and the tradition will be established. It is really less important how many people attend the first few shows than it is that the shows take place. The people will come later on. The tradition must be established. During the meeting on Thursday night we formulated a list of people who must be thanked for their Pioneer Day help, namely: John K. and Shirley Thomas of 14 Reynshan-hurst for allowing us to attach ourselves to their 1928 Willys Knight; Jimmy Spall, Bob Stevens of the insurance agency on sixth avenur or park place for allowing us to associate ourselves with his 1951 green packard car; the Mayor for the use of Council Chambers; Palko for the Dignitaries' Luncheon invitations and for all that he did for us during the week; Martin Lawler for the use of the projectors and so on. After the meeting, we adjourned to Mister Donut for refreshments. I should add that shortly after the meeting began that Janet De Primo arrived and I was very pleased to see her in attendance. She seems to know Joe Pascoe and I did my best to make her feel very much at home and she seemed to be enjoying herself. Excellent. John Revak had a bad cold and was largely mute throughout the entire meeting. I tried to get him involved and he was not interested in getting involved. At one point I began discussing my dealings with the women who were in the council chamber watching a film on heart disease and how I tried to explain to them the importance of the restoration effort and so on. They, I explained, were only interested in their own selves and in their health and their primary concern was how long they were going to live. I explained to my colleagues how I believed that it was more important to worry about the quality of one's life than it was to overemphasize the quantity (length of years) of one's life. I got rather empasioned and it all happened without my being able to prevent myself. After I had finished my little sermon on quality/quantity, I half-heartedly apologized to my colleagues for the little sermon and they were all amused and were not at all troubled by my little sermon. I think that they were all in agreement with me by the time I had finished. One morning during Pioneer Days some of the women from the St. Joseph's hospital contingent that was in the lobby of City Hall every morning had been given entrance to the locked council chambers and a projector had been set up and a schedule of films was announced for the council chamber--all of this without our permission. I was furious that they in their very arrogant and pushy manner has virtually pushed us out of the council chambers which we had been given permission to use for the entire week. Well it all turned our well and that was that. After the meeting on Thursday night, JVB and Tomaine and Revak and I went down to Mister Donut and had a pleasant cup of coffee. Tomaine seems to take a great deal of pleasure in putting down JVB and it infuriates me whenever he does so. I think that he is very jealous of JVB and so he tries to eliminate the competition. Tomaine must know that JVB is going to succeed brilliantly in doing everything that Tomaine can not do, by which I mean that JVB will become a recognized authority on the Gravity Railroad and will be liked at the same time by everyone. Tomaine might know a lot about the railroads but he is disliked by many people. I must talk with JVB about how he should respond to Tomaine when Tomaine gets into one of know-it-all moods. At about 10:45 I drove JVB home and told him that I would be in City Hall on Saturday and that I would be in the Library on Friday afternoon and JVB said that his father had announced that the house would be finished this fall and that that meant that JVB would have to do a lot of work at home and would not

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be able to do as much at City Hall as he would like to. I'm sure that JVB will survive the "enchainment" but it makes me furious that his father should be so retentive with JVB. I realize that his father's priority is to get the house built/enlarged before winter. It's the basic human survival instinct. Shelter yourself for the long cold winter. Other motivations for human behavior could be mentioned however: restore a building that has nothing to do with your physical survival but which has everything to do with your psychical survival and restore the building from a philanthropic perspective. Do something not for yourself as a physical creature rather do something for yourself and others as psychic creatures/as thinking beings. The largest part of humankind is only concerned with the physical aspect of human existence, which is the only aspect of existence that is known to animals. At any rate, JVB seemed very "beaten down" on Thursday night and he seemed resigned to helping erect the family dwelling and all the while I know that he would rather be involved in the city hall restoration. It must gall his father terribly that JVB wants to help restore Carbondale City Hall (do building work) and yet he is not terribly interested in doing house exapnsion at 46 Canaan Street (doing building work). John would do anything for City Hall but does not want to lift a finger for the parental dwelling. JVB said that he would come by the Library at 4 P.M. on Friday and so after I finished with Tomaine and Miss Muldoon at the Library on Friday afternoon I stayed at the Library and prepared the envelopes for the Carbondale Calendar 1983 mailing: at 4 P.M. John arrived, right on schedule. We sat and chatted and had a very pleasant time. John found a book on "Firsts" on the shelf and asked me questions as I worked: "Who built the first workable elevator?" "Who invented the dry cell battery?" and on and on. He had a grand time and so did I. He went off to look at the railroad books when Miss Muldoon came over and engaged me in a conversation with a woman who was there who was looking for some information on the First Presbyterian Church. I immediately showed her NPGLH Reprints I and told her about Aunt Eleanor and I identified the figure on the First Presbyterian Church commemorative spoon that she had as Rev. Lee. Miss Muldoon was very impressed and the lady researcher was very pleased with the information that she had received. While I was involved with the lady researcher and Miss Muldoon JVB found a new book on railroads and was looking at it. It has some new photographs (new to JVB and me) of the Gravity Railroad. JVB got wonderfully excited and his enthusiasm got me worked up and we wallowed in railroads and enjoyed ourselves. JVB asked if I thought he would be able to check the book out of the library even though it did not have a number on it. He asked Miss Muldoon and she said that the book had just been given to the Library by Cy Grovenor and she seemed to be vascillating whether or not she should trust John with the book. At that point, I entered the book borrowing conversation. Miss Muldoon asked me: "Can I trust him with the book." I replied: "I would trust John with everything I now own or ever hope to own. I'd trust him with my life." At that point, Miss Muldoon replied: "That's quite a recommendation. I don't think we have to worry about the book." John smiled and I smiled and Miss Muldoon smiled and that was that. JVB and I left the library at closing. I drove him home and said as he was preparing to get out of the car: "Well maybe I'll see you tomorrow at the Library." OK said JVB. I'm not at all surprised that he showed up at the library in the afternoon on Friday. In the morning I went to Scranton with HLRP to buy a new adding machine. I drove and HLRP and I had a very pleasant chat about this and that and everything. When we arrived back in Carbondale I went to the Post Office and the NEWS